

Current
Comment

In flying to a height of 43,166 feet, more than 8 miles up in the air, Lieut. Apollo Soucek of the U. S. navy has set a record that will take some beating. Only by use of compressed oxygen in a tank, inhaled through a tube, and an oxygen super-charger to insure combustion in the engine, was Lieut. Soucek able to do the stunt at all. Capt. Hawthorne Gray of the U. S. Army, who rose to 42,470 feet in a balloon three years ago, died from lack of oxygen in the rarefied atmosphere of that great height. All of the talk about voyaging to the moon, whether by airplane, rocket or other device, is so much moonshine, in view of the impossibility of carrying a sufficient amount of oxygen along, to say nothing of the intense cold of interstellar space, somewhere around 460 degrees below zero.

A young woman was surprised recently on getting home from her daily work as a stenographer to find a young man waiting to ask her who her grandfather was. When she told him, he informed her that the title company which he represented was prepared to pay her and each of her five living sisters, aunts and uncles \$200 each to sign a quit claim deed to a strip of land one inch wide and 18 feet long. That price was a "nuisance value," but there are several pieces of Manhattan real estate which have sold for as much or more per square foot, for office buildings. It no longer pays to build under 30 stories high in old New York. And the reason for the high land values is the growth of population. Every newcomer to the city adds an appreciable amount to the value of every foot of land.

The Germans now hold the record for speed of trans-Atlantic ships, but both the United States and England are preparing to take it away from them. The Cunard Line, which is the oldest of all ocean steamship lines, announces that it will build a craft 1,000 feet long, carrying 4,000 passengers and which will make a speed of 30 knots an hour and will cost between 20 and 25 million dollars. A knot, by the way, is a nautical mile, which is 800 feet longer than the land mile; so a speed of 30 knots means 34½ miles an hour. The U. S. shipping board in conjunction with the post office department is arranging with American steamship companies to build two ships even bigger and faster than the new Cunarder. It will take three or four years to build them. They will be good advertising for the United States but probably will not earn their keep. The deficit will be made up in what the government pays the company operating them for carrying the mails. The mail subsidy of

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CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

TUES., JULY 8, 1930

JOE MCKINNON TO
PAVE ROADS AND
STREETS IN 1930

The fourth supervisorial district is to fare very well this coming year, according to the preliminary budget submitted by Joe McKinnon at the board meeting yesterday. Joe has received a great deal of well-merited praise for the efficient and economical manner in which he has handled the district moneys during his term, and he is aiming to give fourth district folks value for their taxes in this new budget.

The following are the roads to be graded and paved, as estimated in the preliminary budget: Farworthy, Fruitvale, Moorpark, Lincoln, Pearl, Hillside, Currier, Booksin, Glen Eryie, Grant, Linna and Second streets in Campbell, and Alameda avenue.

This is quite a comprehensive program mapped out for the year, and it is believed that Joe can deliver the goods.

FIRE DESTROYS
NAJOUR HOME
SATURDAY P. M.

Early Saturday afternoon the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Najour on South Central avenue was completely gutted by fire. All furnishings of the dwelling were lost in the blaze. The fire is believed to have been the result of faulty wiring in the attic.

The fire was discovered by Mrs. Najour, who was in the kitchen. Her youngest son was asleep in the living room where the fire raged hottest. She summoned workmen from Hyde's cannery while Sam Ssubb, office manager, put in an alarm. The rescuers saved one or two pieces of furniture before the ceilings collapsed. The fire department made a record trip to the scene and succeeded in getting the fire under control before it destroyed the house.

At the time of the blaze Mr. Najour was working at a cannery in San Jose and Mrs. Najour was alone with her three children. So great was the shock that she collapsed after finding her children safe, and was cared for by kindly neighbors.

The loss, which included several pieces of new furniture and a radio receiving set, was not covered by insurance.

The Najour family wishes to express their thanks to the fire department and to local people who were so kind to them when their home was destroyed.

Son Born To Mr. And
Mrs. Condon June 6

Friends in Campbell will be glad to learn of the arrival of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Ira M. Condon of Lakeside Friday morning June 6. They have named the boy Robert Martin. At birth he weighed only five and one-half pounds, but is a healthy little chap and both he and his mother are doing nicely at the Mercy hospital.

Mr. Condon is the manager of the Lakeside Feed store. Mrs. Condon is a popular member of the T.N.T. club in that town.

Diet Expert Will Be
At Shadle's Store

July 21, 22 and 23 there will be available to Campbell people expert diet advice free for the asking, according to "Herb" Shadle, who informs the public in this issue of the Press that on those dates Mrs. Mary Clerke of the Battle Creek sanitarium will be at his store for consultation. The Battle Creek company is also the producer of the famous Battle Creek health foods.

Mrs. Clerke is also particularly qualified to give advice on child nutrition.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Hyde and son, Homer, spent the holiday and week-end at their cottage in Twin Lakes.

The British government to Samuel Cunard is what put the British flag ahead of our on the Atlantic, 75 years ago.

That's all.

Hail! the U. S. Farmer!

By Albert T. Reid

PUBLISHER HEARS
ARTHUR FREE ON
AIR BASE CONTEST

It was the good fortune of the writer to have heard Hon. Arthur Free in his talk Monday on the air base fight recently staged in Washington. He said, "You have an opportunity to hear that story of how 'they did it,' don't miss."

Arthur Free, who was schooled in the art of legal fighting in the arena of California courts, was in his element when the contest for an air base site started, and from beginning to end he left no stone unturned nor allowed legal technicalities to discourage him. His keen mind grasped the situation and he was quick to make the most of every opportunity in argument.

He said that he felt certain that San Diego would drop the fight and that the unofficial vote of the board, 15 to 6, for the Sunnyvale site, would stand. Mr. Free has made a wonderful fight in congress for this and other measures beneficial to his constituents and is home to enjoy a well-earned rest.

He will visit in the south before taking an active part in his campaign for re-election.

Mrs. Clarence Wolff
Entertains At Ste. Claire

Miss Emelyn Beattie of San Jose who is one of the season's fêted brides-elect, was again the guest of honor Wednesday at a delightful bridge luncheon at the Ste. Claire hotel, at which Mrs. Clarence Wolff was the hostess.

The coterie of guests included a number of Campbell friends, both guest of honor and hostess having been former residents here.

A U-shaped table was set in the patio, the day being ideal for out-of-doors serving. Long baskets filled with blue cornflowers and a variety of yellow blossoms, flanked by tall yellow tapers, graced the table and the place cards and nut baskets were in the same lovely colors.

Table prizes were awarded the winners and Miss Beattie received a dainty gift from the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cutting and sons Cecil and Windsor returned Sunday from their three-weeks' tour of Yellowstone and Glacier national parks.

Miss Abbie Sykes, a member of the faculty of the Vallejo high school, who is attending the summer session of U. C., visited with Mrs. H. P. Bean of Williams road over the holiday week-end.

CUTTERS' CARDS AT SMITH'S

MAY FLANNERY



Mae E. Flannery, Incumbent

The only woman holding a Santa Clara county elective office, May E. Flannery, county recorder, is seeking to retain that office at the coming election.

Appointed by the board of supervisors, Oct. 20, 1927, to fill the unexpired term of the late "Dan" Flannery, she entered upon the duties of office with a heavy burden and much to learn, and she has served nearly three years.

Always a home-loving, home-making woman, Mrs. Flannery was suddenly confronted with the responsibility of supporting as well as caring for her home. Left with two young daughters to educate and support, she realized that she must make a success as county recorder. By devoting long hours to the task, with natural executive ability and a keen faculty for meriting and receiving the respect and co-operation of her associates and assistants, she has attained the record for efficiency, economy and courtesy upon which she presents her request for the support of all independent voters.

Unlike some of the county offices that of recorder is maintained from fees received for services rendered, the fees being fixed by law. Mrs. Flannery has been instrumental in reducing the expenses, thereby creating a saving to tax payers. On one item she secured a double saving—immediate investment and future storage cost. Using record books of equal quality to those heretofore supplied, by changing the system of spacing the typed lines, she has reduced the number of books required by one-third. This, together with other economies authorized by her, reduced expenses in her office directly for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1929, by \$1,247.38 as compared to the previous year. Like a prudent

FEDERATION OF
WOMEN'S CLUBS
MEET IN S. JOSE

Los Angeles, July 8—Mrs. W. W. Slayden, state president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, recently returned from a two weeks motor trip to Denver, Colo., where she attended the general federation biennial.

As general federation director for the California federation, Mrs. Slayden will give a complete report of the biennial at the annual conference of the state executive board which is being held at the Hotel Sainte Claire in San Jose, today and tomorrow.

There will be morning, afternoon and evening sessions of the conference today, and morning and afternoon sessions tomorrow. Officers and department chairmen will present plans for the coming year. Other matters to be presented will include the ratification of the new appointments by the state president and ratification of department changes; discussion of reorganization; how to promote the general federation news and the policies of the California federation news and the development of the general federation foundation fund.

Of much importance also, will be the discussion of what action the state federation will take in regard to resolutions adopted by the general federation at the biennial. As at the biennial, junior clubs and motion picture policies will come up for discussion.

The time and place for the next state convention which will be held in San Joaquin valley district, will be determined and plans for district conventions will be presented by the six district presidents.

Mrs. Donald Page Has
Party At O'Brien's Sat.

Miss Dorothy Blossom was the guest of honor at a delightful luncheon party given by Mrs. Donald Page at O'Brien's Saturday. Miss Blossom is planning an airplane trip to Los Angeles soon.

After luncheon the guests motored to Mrs. Page's home in Campbell where the rest of the afternoon was spent at bridge. Lovely prizes were awarded the winners.

Following the card games refreshments were served at small tables decorated in yellow and green.

Guests included Pearl Roll and Marion Snyder of San Francisco; Mrs. Anna Bernhardt, Mrs. George Wohlgemuth, Mrs. Louis Rossi and Ebba Berg.

housewife, Mrs. Flannery is ever seeking to reduce the cost of a more splendid service.

LEGALLY DEAD, IS
ALIVE; GUARDIAN
SUES FOR ESTATE

Walter Finnemore of Campbell last Wednesday revealed to the superior court that John Hustedt is alive, after he had been declared legally dead by court action and his \$3,000 estate had been distributed to his heirs. Hustedt was committed to Agnew state hospital in 1927.

Suit was filed by Mr. Finnemore, guardian of Hustedt, against Henry Windeler, nephew of Hustedt, who had received part of the estate. Windeler declared he had obtained letters of administration of the estate in 1925 after his uncle had been declared legally dead by the court, not having been heard of for seven years. Windeler then divided the estate up between the relatives.

Finnemore discovered the state of affairs while going through some old papers. L. D. Bohnett, attorney, is representing Finnemore, who is suing for the full amount of the estate.

L. M. BEAL, LOCAL
MAN, SELECTED ON
S. C. GRAND JURY

The 1930 grand jury for Santa Clara county was selected last Wednesday in San Jose. J. O. Hayes, publisher of the Mercury-Herald is foreman. Other members of the jury are L. M. Beal of Campbell; Rev. H. H. Wintler, Los Gatos; A. A. Martin and Mrs. Celia Holsclaw of Gilroy; R. W. Johnson and Mrs. Margaret Chappell of Santa Clara; R. L. Green and Mrs. Stella Scofield of Palo Alto; Rev. James Falconer and C. L. Rich of Cupertino; T. D. Webster, J. M. McKiernan, R. H. Hargreaves, W. M. Godfrey, J. W. Crider, Mrs. Mary Hayward and J. R. Henwood of San Jose.

Congressman A. Free's
Son Wins High Honors

Lloyd Arthur Free, son of Congressman and Mrs. A. M. Free of California, has just graduated from Princeton university with most unusual honors. He received the highest standing in his class with a rating of one-plus. He was accorded the highest honors in the political science department of the university; received the honorary reward of Phi Beta Kappa and received the Lyman H. Atwater prize in political science and the John G. Buchanan prize in politics. These awards were given on the basis of his scholarship, his thesis and the exceedingly high marks he received in his comprehensive examinations.

As a result of his high record he was offered a position in the Princeton-Yenching university at Peking, China, which position he has accepted for one year. He expects to spend part of the summer in California and will then go to China to take up his work in the University. He will not only do some teaching but will also do some research work in political science for Princeton university while in China.

Before going to Washington, Lloyd was a student in the training department of the teachers college at San Jose. When his father was elected to Congress in 1920 he moved with his parents to Washington and graduated from the John Eaton grammar school in Washington, D. C., and from the Western high school. In his senior year at the high school he was editor of the student annual, "The Western," and was lieutenant-colonel of all the high school cadets of Washington.

Congregational Ladies
Need Thrift Sale Stock

Ladies who are engineering the annual Congregational Guild thrift sale are urgent in their request for articles whose owners no longer have use for them. Contributions should be on hand for July 11-12.

Persons having articles for the sale may send them direct to the hotel or to Mrs. W. I. Merrill, or phone Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Mary Lanphear or Miss Sadie Maxson and they will call for the things.

"SHORTS" FOR SWIMMING, TENNIS



AS TO "what are the wild waves saying." Well, no doubt they are giving utterance in their own peculiar language to many complimentary remarks in regard to the new swimming costumes. The smart one-piece suits with "shorts" are that attractive they are enough to inspire to eloquence wherever the subject be discussed.

No matter how well versed one may be on swimming costume lore, when it comes to the new models, it is to learn all over again for the "lines" are different, so are the materials, so are the colorings. For example, consider the stunning costume in the picture. It is made of a new this season material—a bea-berg (name of a fiber) tricot weave which bathers enthusiastically declare is delightfully adaptable in the water and on-the-sand wear.

The color combination for this outfit is perfect—brilliant red with a golden hue. Then, too, the interworking of the two tones through clever seaming is decidedly original. Look close and you will find cover a modernistic fish darting across the front of the half-in-half colored blouse—head of the gold color tricot, tail of the bright red. See it?

The word "shorts" has become a familiar term in the fashion vocabulary which refers to tennis, swimming and beach costumes. It is self-explanatory, means just what

it says—short, very brief skirt-like trousselettes.

So popular have they become that in almost every instance "shorts" are included in the new sports ensembles made up of many parts with a view to correctly appurposing the sportswoman during games of tennis, golf, on the beach, when yachting, swimming, and so on. These "sets" are as practical as they are smart and attractive—an entire sports wardrobe within themselves; including as they often do, "shorts," a "shirt" to wear with them, and a skirt which converts the shorts-and-shirt suit into a golf costume, also being so constructed that unfastened, this same skirt becomes a beach cape. To this group is not infrequently added a short jacket or bolero, a jaunty beret cap and a utility handbag all of the same material.

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Prolific Painter

Thomas Sully was one of the best known of the early portrait painters in this country. He was extremely prolific. There are over 2,000 listed Sully portraits and 500 subject paintings.

Peculiar Psalms

The "abecedarian psalms" are psalms such as the 119th, in which the verses of successive portions are arranged in alphabetical order.

Roses and Window Curtains

The Weekly Short Story—BY AMY DUNN

RAY CHALMERS was a young man who had come to New York and made good. Of frail physique, he had overworked until his health suffered to such an extent that his firm gave him six months' leave of absence to recuperate.

"Where are you off to, Ray?" the president inquired the morning Ray went in to shake hands.

"Don't know yet, Chief. I'm just filling the roadster with gas and starting. If I can find some crooked back country road in Connecticut with some sort of shack and a well, I'll grab it. Then I'll try to learn how to sleep and eat again. And I'll fool with roses," Ray grinned.

After several days of exploring the hill country, Ray found just what he wanted: an old fashioned cottage; high on a hill; near the fork of two country roads.

With the arrival of June there was a cared for look about the place; Ray's color and health had visibly improved; and on both sides of the orderly front path leading to the door were two round beds of hybrid roses coming into bloom.

His one acquaintance in the new environment, an elderly man who apparently lived alone in a house slightly down the road from Ray, confided that he had once been a professor of horticulture in a western college. "This man seemed interested in Ray, enjoyed their daily scraps of conversation, and offered

many helpful suggestions regarding roses.

At the post office one morning Ray found a package and a cordial letter from his employer. The letter explained the package—a petting prize "new" rose which the Chief had bought for him at a select rose show.

Home again, Ray found the professor standing over one of his beds with a critical air.

"Look, look here, sir," Ray was actually excited as he held out the petting prize rose, "a prize winner from the show, my boss sent it!"

The elder man's expression widened with pleasure as he examined the specimen and noted the explanatory matter written on a card loosely tied to the stem.

"Lovely, lovely," said the professor softly, then in determined tones, "water it at once and put it in the shade of that tree. Don't transplant it today. I want you to bring it to the house in the morning. I have a surprise for you."

"Surprise? How come?" Ray smiled.

"Wait and see!" Ray noticed the professor's gaze fastened speculatively on the awkwardly hung curtains in his front windows.

"Admiring those curtains, I know. I've tried every way to make 'em drape as if they belonged. It's no

use. Can't be done by mere man."

"You ought to marry, son. Then your curtains would hang right and you wouldn't wear that solitary lock. Ever think of that?"

Queer bird, this professor, mused Ray. What had marriage and curtains in common? The elderly man started down the hill in his slow, precise manner, turning his head to call:

"Don't forget to bring the rose over in the morning."

"Righto!" responded Ray.

Meditating, sprawled in his deck chair on the lawn that evening, the professor's query kept recurring to Ray. Marriage! It surely would be blissful to have some one beside him as he sat there; some one who cared and understood silence as well as speech. He must have a fling at the social side of life, he decided when he returned to town.

Early next day Ray sought the professor's parlor, placing the prize rose on a broad window sill where the sun caught the copper glints of the new curving bud.

"Now for the surprise, professor," called the elder one.

"Rose! Won't you come in?"

"Coming, Dad!" Muffled tones from the kitchen. A charming girl entered, daintily aproned and groomed.

"Mr. Chalmers... my daughter! Just home from college, and I want her to see your rose. They're her specialty."

All three bent over the rose on the sill. The girl caught her breath quickly as she examined the bud and the curl attached.

"Why, why Mr. Chalmers, this is my entry in the Rose show. I raised it in our greenhouse last winter. I've experimented with new varieties and colors for two years. Oh, you must let me help you transplant it and care for it."

The father, watching their eager faces, benevolently remarked: "He will, Rosie; and by the way, while you're over there fussing around Ray's flowers, go in and fix his curtains properly. They need it."

(Copyright.)

EGG DISHES

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"How vast and profound is the influence of the subtle powders of heaven and earth. We seek to perceive them, and we do not see them, we seek to hear them, and we do not hear them; they are the substance of things, they cannot be separated from them."

THE secret of egg cooking lies in the simple principle, which is a rule with all protein foods, that is, never to cook them at a high temperature, as heat toughens and hardens protein foods. Eggs being the most delicate of these foods, should have especial care in cooking.

When we speak of eggs as boiled hard or soft, we do not mean boiled at all. Eggs will cook hard at 70 to 180 degrees, depending on the length of time to which they have been subjected to the heat. Eggs to be cooked in the shell, if desired hard, should be placed in a saucepan, using one pint of boiling water for each egg that is of room temperature when put into the water; if taken from the ice chest, add boiling water will be needed to cook the egg. Cover closely and let stand on the back of the range or in a warm place for 30 minutes.

The egg is then hard cooked, but the white will be tender and easily digested. If a soft-cooked egg of various softness is desired, remove

at six, ten or twelve minutes. Once the principle is learned for cooking eggs in the shell it is learned for other forms. Low temperature, below the boiling point, is used for poached eggs. When cooking foods with eggs, place the dish in water especially in the oven cooking. A successful meringue is one that expands by slow cooking in the oven for 20 minutes in an oven of 250 to 300 degrees.

(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

EMBROIDERED ORGANDIE



NO WONDER that that endless number of conscientious objectors who have been entering such vehement protests at the incoming of a changing silhouette which favors long skirts, high waists, quaint sleeves and other radical trends are gradually weakening. It is not in the nature of womankind to remain adamant in the presence of such overwhelming grace and beauty as the new modes now bespeak.

Costumes as altogether enchanting as the vision of summer loveliness in the illustration are enough to convert any doubter from skepticism to optimism so far as the new "lines" are concerned. Wherefore most women are growing into that happy frame of mind which agrees that if fashion sends frills and furbelows and long skirts and short waists and picture hats, then frills and furbelows and long skirts and short waists and picture hats is my choice.

So be it—especially if the frock be made of embroidered red or

gandie as is the charming garden party gown in the picture. It is trimmed with borderings of plain red organdie. Cherries are suspended from the waistline together with ribbon loops and streamers. Latest mode calls for the hat to be made of the same material as the frock, which accounts for the huge thin bright red chin capeline being faced with red organdie.

Organdie, especially pure white, likewise in pastel tints, yields so beautifully to picture effects, and for that reason registers among materials of outstanding importance for summer. Quaint costume types worn by young girls are of organdie, the tub skirt (perhaps embroidered with a hedge of flowers about their hemlines) gathered into sleeveless fitted bodices, bertha caps falling over the arms.

Another beloved medium for summer-girl frocks is stiffened chiffon, it being even more sheer than organdie. Dotted swiss is also a favorite.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

The Bull's Companions

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"Do you like having part of you in swimming all the time?" Harry asked Taurus, known as the Bull, who had told him his sky story.

"Why not?" asked Taurus. Harry thought he was a very odd creature. "When you swim don't you let just your head stick out of the water?"

"Yes, except when I dive."

"I don't dive, I have my own ways. I have splendid horns—there are two fine stars at the tips, and the famous Hyades make an outline of my face."

"I know that Aldebaran is your fiery eye."

"I'm glad you know that. I know it, too. Do you think for one moment a bull such as I would have one of your meek, pale, watery eyes? Not for a second!"

"I don't like pale watery eyes anyway," said Harry.

"Glad you don't," Taurus responded.

"You see my eye is no unimportant member—it is a splendid star living right on the Milky Way. Don't you think that's a nice place for a home?"

"Wonderful. I wish I could get my family to spend a summer there! I have a mother and a father and a sister Nancy, but then I like to see my friends in the summer time, too. I don't suppose they could all come. And I suppose it would be hard to get back if my father found he had a business engagement. But how much I will have to tell them!"

"I can understand," Taurus said, in a very quiet, friendly way for a star creature with the name of Bull. "That you don't want to be without

your friends. Even Aldebaran has a companion star. Aldebaran lies right in the path your Moon takes when it travels. Sometimes you can't see Aldebaran because the Moon goes between him and your earth. He's not a real member of the Hyades group, as they say, for he has his own kind of motion. We say he hasn't the family ways."

Harry looked about him and now saw five members of the Pleiades



"Aldebaran is Your Fiery Eye."

which looked, in outline, something like a dipper with a short handle, but they were far away from the other dipper so he was certain he would not get them confused when he got back to the earth.

The Pleiades were in the Bull's constellation (as they always called

a family group of stars) and Taurus told him how many names they had been given by different people. Some had called them Many Little Ones, others had called them Hen and Chickens, still others had called them the Seven Sisters and others the Seven Brothers, while in ancient Persia a petition to the king was always granted at the time they were at their best.

"You see," explained Taurus, "six of the seven famous ones are always fairly easy to pick out though there are really several thousand stars in their number."

"Then my Hyades stars are celebrated, spreading themselves out and yet all traveling in the same direction and at the same pace."

"When you're down on your Earth you can remember that if you look from the Hyades toward the northwest you'll see the Pleiades. Their name means rain and people years ago used to call them the rain stars. But here comes Cosmo. That means you must be off. Wait, don't forget your friend the Bull."

"I certainly won't," said Harry as he left him.

"As though I could forget him," Harry told Cosmo afterward, "with the Hyades and the Pleiades as part of him and Aldebaran living right in the Milky Way as his right eye. And so friendly!"

"You've heard of Aldebaran a great deal. Well, when you're back on the earth remember that a line from Aldebaran through the belt of Orion and continuing on to the southeast will show you the great Dog Star, Sirius. He's the brightest star and that's where we're going now. You see we're wandering about a good deal as we make our visits."

"I've heard about that dog star," Harry said. "I've something to ask him."

"Ask it by all means. Here we are."

(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

SUCH IS LIFE - Poor Father



By Charles Sughrue



FEEL DIZZY?

Headachy, bilious, constipated? Take **NR-NATURE'S REMEDY**—tonight. This mild, safe, vegetable remedy will have you feeling fine by morning. You'll enjoy free, thorough bowel action without the slightest sign of griping or discomfort.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable—
at drugists—only 25c
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Monte Carlo Bathed in Light

By an elaborate system of exterior illumination, Monte Carlo, the playground of Europe, has been transformed into almost a fairyland of lights. At night the famous casino is bathed in white lights and the broad avenues leading to it are illuminated. Trees, fountains and even flower pots are decorated with concealed lighting effects.

KILLS FLIES

Just spray **FLY-FOIL** a few times a day about the rooms—all the flies and mosquitoes disappear. Positive and lasting in its results. Not a poison. No spilling or wasting with new **FLY-FOIL** pouring nozzle.

FLY-FOIL has a new pleasant odor and will not stain walls or fabrics. Leaves no oily scum.

New low prices at your dealer's or write

AN-FO MFG. CO.
Oakland, Calif.

Dairy Fly-Foil Keeps Flies Off Cows

FLY-FOIL

Uplift Stuff

"What's become of Old Grandma Brown who used to sit all day knitting socks?"

"Oh, she belongs to a high-tone literary club now and knits her brow in thought."

Give the Lawyer a Break

Judge—And why do you think I should be lenient with you? Is this your first offense?

Prisoner—No, your honor; but it's my lawyer's first case.—Judge.

Pennant Hopes?

"Boss, my I get off to go to a funeral?" "Yes, bub; and I hope it isn't the home team's."

A North Carolina lawyer has invented a photograph printing machine which he claims will produce 1,000 prints an hour.

Lots of people are seeking to do good without hoping to get famous for it.

We like traditions if they are picturesque, but not if they are a bother.

We take the advice the lawyer gives us, but the minister can give us just as good.

When boobs are denounced, we all join in, for it isn't possible that anyone will so class us.

Trouble makers are as plentiful as peacemakers are scarce.

An Old Friend In a New Dress

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is now prepared in convenient, palatable, chocolate coated tablets packed in small bottles. Each bottle contains 70 tablets, or 35 doses. Slip a bottle into your handbag. Carry your medicine with you.

During the three trying periods of maturity, maternity and middle age, this remedy proves its worth. 98 out of 100 report benefit after taking it.

These tablets are just as effective as the liquid.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Small 8. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Co. 1790, 1930.

One Soap is all you need

for Toilet Bath Shampoo Use

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 33 1/4% Pure Sulphur. At drugists. Richland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 27-1930.

The Mazaroff Mystery

by J. S. FLETCHER

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

(©, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)
W. N. U. Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Probably," he replied at last "in the next room to that—a dressing room, which she uses as a bedroom. We always have the same rooms when we stay at Short's. There's a sitting room, a dressing room; Alison Murdoch always has the dressing room. I should say she'll be in there when my wife and Sheila went into the bedroom."

"Did you find out from the hall porter if they took anything away with them?" inquired Crole. "Any light baggage—anything of that sort. As if they, or one or other of them, meant to stay away for the night?"

"I didn't inquire," replied Mr. Elphinstone. "But I'm sure they didn't. The hall porter—an intelligent man whom I've known for many years—told me this morning that his own opinion, when they went out was—well, in short, one that would never have occurred to me."

"And that was—what?" asked Crole.

"He said he thought the ladies were going to have what he called an hour at the pictures," answered Mr. Elphinstone. "Of course, I didn't understand him. He explained that just around the corner from Short's, in the direction they took, is one of those new fangled cinema theaters, where I am told, moving pictures are shown. But I can't think—"

"I think we may take it that they didn't go there," remarked Maythorne. He glanced significantly at the two policemen. "This'll have to be gone into carefully," he murmured. "Your line?"

"We don't know that Mrs. Elphinstone mayn't be found at Short's—when Mr. Elphinstone goes back there," said Crole, glancing at his watch. "It's now noon, and—"

"We don't," interrupted Maythorne. Then, in an undertone, he murmured: "But I guess he won't! Mr. Elphinstone?" he continued, raising his voice. "I want to show you something—something that I have in my pocket. Here it is," he went on, producing the cigar from his pocket and laying it on the table. "Tell me!—have you ever seen that article before?"

Mr. Elphinstone peered carefully at the cigar and then looked up—quickly.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, as if in surprise. "To be sure—it belongs to my wife!"

Maythorne bent over the table toward Manners and Corkdale, and for a moment or two spoke to them in a whisper; I gathered that he was telling them how and when he got the cigar which he had just exhibited. Again he turned to Mr. Elphinstone.

"You've no doubt that this is your wife's cigar?" he asked.

"After all, I suppose that one of these things is very like another."

"That's my wife's property" affirmed Mr. Elphinstone with more decision of will and manner than he usually showed. "I bought it for her myself, years ago, in Inverness. It is one of two—they are precisely alike. The stones are of a rather uncommon sort of calcimarg; the silver mountings are old. I bought the pair in a sort of odds and ends shop in Inverness—I remember the circumstances very well. But to be sure—I haven't seen either branch for years."

"Mrs. Elphinstone didn't wear them, then?" suggested Maythorne.

"She thought them old-fashioned and rather too heavy," replied Mr. Elphinstone. "She looked on them I think, as curiosities—she said they'd been used, originally, for fastening plaids—men's plaids you know, at the shoulders—and she put them away. I don't remember that she ever did wear them—but I have no doubt whatever that what you show me is one of the pair. Now, where did you get it?"

"Let it suffice for the moment, Mr. Elphinstone, to say that I found it accidentally," answered Maythorne. "Picked it up, you know—when I was at Marrisdale. Never mind more, just now."

He replaced the cigar in his pocket and rose, looking round at the rest of us. "Well?" he said.

"What next?"

"Nobody made any suggestion. The next words came from Mr. Elphinstone."

"I wish I knew what has become of my wife!" he said, plaintively. "No, no one thinks of anything to do!"

"She'll have to be sought for, sir," said Corkdale. He nudged Manners. "We'd better be doing something, I think," he murmured. "The hotel first, eh?"

Maythorne turned to Eccleshare. "I suppose you're on the telephone?" he said. "Just so!—let us ring up Short's and find out if Mrs. Elphinstone has returned there."

He went out into the hall with Eccleshare; the rest of us waited until their return a few minutes later. Maythorne shook his head.

"No news?" he answered. "They haven't been back there—up to now. But—as they set out from there I suppose that's the best base from which to conduct operations?"

"We're going there, anyway," said Corkdale. "Mrs. Elphinstone's got to be found! Perhaps Elphinstone will come with us?—we may hit on some clue from something that's been left."

We left the house. Outside,

across the street, Johnson was still looting about. He caught Maythorne's eye; what Maythorne did in the way of signaling to him I did not make out, but Johnson looted away, and still further away, and faded out of sight.

"No need to keep that chap hanging round," observed Maythorne. "Now for Cottingley—I think I shall put Cottingley onto the track of Mrs. Elphinstone—he'll find her a lot quicker than any professional police will."

"Where's he going to pick up a clue?" asked Crole, sarcastically.

"Leave that to Cottingley!" retorted Maythorne. "He'll see a clue where no one else would. All he wants is clear—and concise—instructions to start out on."

We found Cottingley at the top of the street. He was eating an apple, in supplement to his lunch of bread and cheese. Pidegauric as ever, he turned with us toward the nearest cab-rank. Maythorne talking to him as we went along.

"What next?" asked Crole as we reached Edgeware road again.

"I'm just going round by Short's hotel," answered Maythorne, "to hear if those chaps have made any thing out, and to give Cottingley a start. Better come, both of you."

"I won't," said Crole. "I must get back to my office. I can do no good at Short's, and you can ring me up if you've any news."

"By-the-by," he added, as Maythorne signaled to a taxicab driver. "I forgot to mention it before. Holt Armistead's check duly arrived this morning. So that's all right and I suppose we've finished with his part in all these mysteries."

"Finished with nothing," Crole exclaimed Maythorne. "The curtain is still up—well up!—on every thing. Coming, Holt?—you'd better."

I went with him. I was not so much concerned about Mrs. Elphinstone as about Sheila. That some new and very serious situation had arisen when Sheila called on her mother the previous evening there could be no doubt—nothing else, I was sure, could have occasioned the strange departure and disappearance of which Mr. Elphinstone had told us. What was it?

It took little time to run round to Short's, a famous, if somewhat old-fashioned hotel in the West end greatly in favor with country families. While we rode there Maythorne occupied himself in posting up Cottingley in all our dolours that morning, and especially about the disappearance of Mrs. Elphinstone. Cottingley soaked it all in without saying a word; he was still eating apples, and he munched them steadily while his employer talked. But as Maythorne made an end Cottingley also finished his last apple, and tossing the core out of the car window, rapped out a word or two.

"Steamship offices!" he said.

"Likeliest place, first."

"Good!" assented Maythorne.

"There may be something in that. All right! you get on to it. But first, we'll see if anything's turned up here."

We left the car a little way from Short's, and walked along towards the principal entrance. Manners and Corkdale were just coming out as we reached it—I thought I saw in their manner that they had heard something.

"Well?" asked Maythorne as we joined them. "Any news?"

"Nobody's returned," replied Corkdale, "and there's nothing in Mrs. Elphinstone's or the maid's rooms to suggest why they ever went away. But we have heard a bit that the old gentleman hadn't found out when he set off this morning."

"What's that?" asked Maythorne.

"Odd circumstance, to be sure!" answered the detective. "I'd like to know what it means. Got it from the under hall porter. He says that some little time after Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone and the maid arrived last night—he knows all three well enough, he says as they come there two or three times a year—a man came into the entrance hall and asked him if they—naming them—were stopping there? He said they were, and he believed they were then having dinner. The man went away. But this under hall porter also says that he noticed the same man hanging about the hotel front after that, and that he was there, as if watching when Mrs. Elphinstone and her daughter and the maid went out. In fact, he's positive that the man followed them down the street and round the first corner. And—that's all!"

"And a good lot!" remarked Maythorne. "Could he describe the man?"

"Oh, yes! A little thin man about thirty or so; slight brown mustache, wore spectacles; very respectably dressed; wore a Trilby hat—looked like a clerk or commercial traveler—something of that sort," replied Corkdale.

"Did he say anything to the under hall porter as to why he wanted the Elphinstones?" asked Maythorne.

"No—the man asked him if he could take up any message," said Corkdale. "He replied 'no' it didn't matter; he wouldn't disturb them if they were at dinner; he'd look in again."

"And he didn't look in again?"

"No—the last he was following the three women down the street."

Maythorne remained silent for a minute or two.

"Well," he said at last. "I suppose you'll follow things up in your own way. If I can be of any help let me know. If I hear anything I'll let you know. Corkdale, May as well help each other."

He turned away Cottingley and I following him. After going a short distance he motioned to the clerk.

"Try your line—the shipping of boxes, Cottingley," he said. "May be some good."

Cottingley went off, and Maythorne and I walked on in silence for a while.

"This is a queer business, Holt!" he said after some time. "That

Mrs. Elphinstone is either guilty or is privy to somebody else's guilt seems dead certain! But—where on earth has she disappeared to? And when and where are we going to get news of her?"

I got no more light on that problem for more than two days. No body heard anything, nobody discovered anything. I called continually at Short's; Mr. Elphinstone, after being at his wife's end, settled down to a sort of philosophic calm, waiting. And nothing happened.

On the third night after the disappearance, Maythorne rushed up to my rooms and thrust an evening newspaper before me.

"For God's sake, Holt!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Read that!"

CHAPTER X

We Know That Man!

I SNATCHED at the newspaper eagerly enough; there was that in Maythorne's manner which showed me that here was news of importance. I saw it at once—there it was, in big letters in the stoppage space:

"About half past four this afternoon Mr. Kilthwaite's grocer, of 623x Harrow road, having occasion to visit a yard at the back of his premises, in search for some crates stored amongst a quantity of similar odds and ends, came across the dead body of a man which had evidently been dragged across the yard through the rear entrance and partly concealed by loose timber. He at once summoned the police, and on examination it was found that the man had been murdered by repeated blows on the head with some heavy instrument. He is a man of presumably thirty years of age, small of stature, of slight build, wearing spectacles, the top of the right being shattered; he is respectfully dressed and a new Trilby hat was found lying beneath the body. He had evidently been robbed after being struck down, as there was nothing on him in the way of money or valuables, nor were there any papers that could lead to identification; everything, in fact, of this sort had been carefully removed, and the only articles found in the clothing were a fountain pen and two recently pointed lead pencils. New Scotland Yard was at once communicated with and detectives are making a careful investigation. Anyone recognizing the dead man from the foregoing description should at once communicate with the police authorities."

I laid the paper down and stared inquiringly at Maythorne. He slapped his hand heavily on the paragraph I had just read.

"Holt!" he exclaimed. "That's the chap who followed those three women away from Short's hotel the other night! A million to one on it!"

"You think so?" I said, incredulously. "But—there are lots of men who'd correspond to that description."

"That's the man!—I'll lay any thing!" he declared. "And this thing's getting more of a mystery than ever. Look at it!—Mrs. Elphinstone, her daughter, and her maid, without a word to Elphinstone, suddenly clear out on Short's late at night. They are seen to be followed by a man who had previously inquired if the Elphinstones were staying at Short's. They never return; the women; from that moment to this—all this time having elapsed—seventy-two hours—nothing whatever has been heard of them. And then this discovery is made—the man who was seen to follow them is found murdered—head battered to pieces—and robbed! Now—why?"

"If he is the man?" I exclaimed.

"I'll surprise me more than I've been surprised so far," he retorted. "If he isn't the man, but we'll soon settle that. Come along—I've got a taxi outside. We'll go round by Short's, get hold of that under hall porter, and go up to the Harrow road."

"To see—him?" I asked.

"What else?" he answered. "Come on!—you don't know what depends on it. Nor—where those women are. In danger, for anything we know."

I went willingly enough, then. Somehow, it had not struck me up to that time that Sheila might be in real danger; I had fancied rather that she was probably assisting her mother in flying from justice, or, at any rate, from distasteful inquiries.

After some slight delay, carried on by the under hall porter. Once in the cab again, Maythorne showed him the newspaper description of the murdered man.

"Does that answer to the man you saw following Mrs. Elphinstone three nights ago?" he asked.

The under hall porter, a sharp-eyed fellow, nodded.

"I should say it did, sir, myself," he answered. "Yes, it's a good description of him, taking it altogether. I don't mention that he had a slight brown mustache though. If this dead man was—"

"We shall soon see that," said Maythorne grimly. "A few minutes—"

Mr. Kilthwaite's grocer's establishment was away up at the poorer end of the Harrow road—a very modest establishment too catering for a humble class of customers. But when we got out of our cab and walked towards it, we found that for once at any rate it was a center of vast interest. It not of the pavement outside was thronged with people and a posse of policemen was engaged in getting them to move away or move along not over successfully; two policemen stood at the shop door evidently with orders to admit none but bona fide customers. A word from Maythorne procured us in instant admission however, and we entered—to find Manners and Corkdale standing inside in conversation with the grocer, an excited and voluble person who was obviously retelling his story for the xth time. Corkdale nodded significantly as Maythorne advanced on them.

"Have you seen the man?" asked Maythorne.

"We haven't, yet," replied Corkdale. "He's at the mortuary, of course. We'll go round there. Well," he continued, turning to the grocer, "We'll look in again when we've got to the mortuary, and perhaps you'll show us the premises where you found him?"

"Anything you please, Mr. Corkdale," replied the grocer, rubbing his hands. "Always glad to assist the police, sir. Those gentlemen, I suppose, are in your line, too?"

"Big that way," answered Corkdale, with a smile at Maythorne. "Well," he went on, motioning us to follow, "we'll just step round—it's not far."

He led us along the dismal road to a still more dismal, if more spick-and-span building, the gloom and somberness of which was accentuated by its air of officialdom and formality. We trooped up after the other, under the guidance of a police constable into a white washed chamber. There, on a center table, or slab, was laid out, slightly elevated under a white covering what we had come to see.

The police constable began to turn back the sheet; Maythorne motioned the under hall porter to go nearer.

"Look well!—see if you can identify him," whispered Maythorne.

But the identification did not come from the under hall porter.

"We had all crowded close to the still figure; we all looked steadily at the dead man's face. And in that instant Manners and I after a single glance at it, turned sharply on each other; a look of mutual understanding flashed between us and we let out the same simultaneous exclamation.

"We know that man!"

The others turned on us, then questioning.

"You know him—both of you?" exclaimed Maythorne. "Then, who is he?"

"Newspaper reporter from up our way," answered Manners. "Name of Bowman. I don't suppose you ever saw him when you went up there—his work was more to the other side of Gloucester. But Mr. Holt here knew him. That's Bowman, right enough!"

"He came to see me, at the Woodcock, with Manners, after Mazaroff's disappearance," I said. "I saw him, just once, afterwards—in Gloucester. But that is Bowman, without doubt!"

"And murdered here in London?" muttered Manners. "Good Lord!—what's it mean! There's more in this—"

"A moment!" muttered Maythorne. He turned on the under hall porter. "Don't make any mistake!" he said. "Is that the man who came to Short's hotel, and whom you afterward saw following Mrs. Elphinstone and her daughter and the maid? Look well at him, now!—be sure!"

But the hall porter shook his head as much as to imply that all the looking in the world wouldn't make him surer.

"Oh, that's the man!" he exclaimed. "I knew him at once. There's no doubt about it! Recognized him as soon as I set eyes on him. Of course, he's lost his color, but—"

We went out of the mortuary and into an office where there were more officials. They evidently knew Corkdale, and after a few minutes' whispered conversation with him they produced some clothing. Corkdale immediately placed his finger on a label within the Trilby hat.

"That wasn't mentioned in the newspaper account," he said. "See—Border Clothing Company, Carlisle. New, too. Let me have a look at his other things." I stood by, watching curiously while Corkdale and Manners and Maythorne went through the dead man's garments. They found but one thing of any note—a tailor's label sewn within the inside breast pocket of the coat, showing that the suit had been made in New castle. It had a date and a number on it, and Corkdale remarked that there was a clue to identification, if necessary.

"It's not necessary," remarked Manners. "I know the man well enough. Bowman—reporter of the Tweed & Border Gazette at Gloucester. And I'd like to know what he was doing here."

"What was he doing at Short's hotel?" suggested Maythorne.

"That's more like it, Manners! But that's obvious—he was after Mrs. Elphinstone. He followed her, too, when she went out. Where? Now then, did she and her two companions, come to this quarter of town? If they did—why? And where are they?"

"Let's go back to the grocer's," said Corkdale.

We went out again into the gloomy road. The under hall porter, having done what was required of him, was anxious to go back to the hotel. Maythorne sent him off in a taxicab; the rest of us returned to Kilthwaite's shop. Maythorne and I walked side by side—at first in silence.

"What do you make of this, Maythorne?" I asked at last.

"God knows!" he answered. "It seems evident that the poor fellow we've just seen followed the Elphinstones—Mrs. Elphinstone, of course!—to London, tracked them to the hotel, went after Mrs. Elphinstone when she went out that night, but—as the rest—"

"Do you think he followed them—here?" I suggested. "If so, what could they want in this neighborhood?"

"Shabby and sordid enough for anything, nevertheless, isn't it?" he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Again I say you know—what knows anything? Let's have a look at the place where he was found however—we may get some idea of something."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Used in Commerce

The bureau of engraving and printing says the ink which is used in making American paper money is made by the bureau and for that reason is not on the market.

Really Thoughtful Act of Modern Daughter

"This is the age of selfishness," declares Kate Lee Stahl, the social worker. "Or maybe it is just thoughtlessness. I am not sure which. At any rate, the young girl of today seems to think and do everything but housework. She leaves that to mother."

"Not long ago, I was instrumental in helping a young girl get a start in life and shortly after, when I met her on the street, I asked her how things were going at home."

"Oh, just fine!" she cried. "Why, just think, last week I was able to buy mother a nice vacuum cleaner."

"That was very thoughtful of you."

"Yes, I guess it was. You see, mother is a little stiffened up with rheumatism and used to feel so sorry to see her trying to use a broom that I always left the house on sweeping day."—Los Angeles Times.

His Jinx Active

From now on William Higgins, of Medicine Bow, Wyo., plans to walk when he wants to go any place. He recently stepped in the way of a horse's kick and emerged with a broken leg. He was placed in an automobile and rushed toward Laramie for medical attention. The car hit some loose gravel and smashed into a pole. Higgins finally reached the hospital with a broken arm to match his broken leg.

German "Luggies" Ire Scots

Loyal Scots are perturbed over the importation of "luggies," miniature milking pails used for porridge dishes for children. The "luggie" has been distinctly a Scotch institution until the death in Cumberland recently of the last luggie maker of the country. Since then Germany has been shipping into Scotland cheap imitations of the unique bowl.

Valuable Chemical

The statement has been made that barium is worth \$12,000,000 an ounce, but not because of its scarcity or value—because of the work it does. Barium is a chemical element that is used to coat the filament of vacuum tubes with a saving of \$400,000 per gram of barium used. At this rate an ounce would be worth \$12,000,000.

Man Walks 70,000 Miles

After walking 70,000 miles in the last nine years, John Shields has just retired as postman at Newton-Stewart, Scotland. His daily route covered 17 miles. He was with the post at service for 33 years, and previous to that had served in the army in India and Africa.

Mussolini's Creed

"Difficulties," says Mussolini, "have been more numerous in my life than the nice, happy incidents. But the latter gave me nothing. The difficulties of life have hardened my spirit. They have taught me how to live."—The American Magazine.

Time for Haste

"John, the paper says the Jenkinses are back from their vacation in Yellowstone park."

"Well, we'd better hurry right over and see them before they have their flims developed."—Life.

Blundering Fool

"My husband is forty. You wouldn't believe it, but there is ten years difference in our ages."

"Impossible! I'm sure you look as young as he does."—London Tit-Bits.

Ready for Food

Waiter—Haven't they given you a menu yet, sir?

Hungry Diner—Yes, but I finished that 15 minutes ago.—London Answers.

Overheard

"Oh, why was I ever brought up to be a writer?" sighed the cub to his fellow reporters.

"You weren't?" came the unexpected reply of the city editor.

Real Living Rooms

The beds have been taken out of the American living room. "Living room" now means something in our lives.—Woman's Home Companion.

Few people ever lost money buying real estate unless they bought too much.

All is not gold that shows up in a glittering mining prospectus.

"flies are highly dangerous"

says the U. S. Public Health Service

Spray clean smelling

Kills Flies Mosquitoes Beetles Roaches Ants

because it stays in the air and kills quicker

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Warm weather and changes of food and water bring frequent summer upsets unless healthy elimination is assured. You will find Feen-a-mint effective in milder doses and especially convenient and pleasant for summertime use.



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It will pay you to set our prices on used pipe and screw casing. New threads and couplings. Tested, drilled and guaranteed. 30 to 50 per cent saving. C. Weissbach & Co., 140 Eleventh St., San Francisco.

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3-month-old A-1 pullets \$1.00 each f. o. b. plant. 100,000 annually. Free literature. OAKLAND BROODING PLANT 4299 Mountain Blvd. - Oakland, Calif.

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Write for booklet featuring distinctive uniforms for training schools, restaurants, coffee shops, etc.

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40 acres clear land irrigated, 21st St. Highway, Sacramento. \$250 per acre, take income from Santa Rosa or Ukiah. MRS. E. W. 205 Scott St., Ukiah, California.

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Wonderful and sure. Makes your skin beautiful, also cures eczema. Price \$1.25. Freckle Ointment removes freckles. Used over forty years. \$1.25 and 6c. Beauty booklet sent free. Ask your dealer or write DR. C. M. BERRY CO. 2930 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Sundial Made of Cement

One of the suburbs of San Francisco has undertaken to attract some attention to itself by erecting the largest sundial ever made. It is made of concrete and its top is high above the heads of the spectators and its shadow is cast upon the ground which is marked off for the purpose of indicating the time. The inclined surface of the dial is often irreverently used by children for the purpose of a kelly slide.

Just Getting Material

American Tourist (in Shakespeare's country)—But, say—Shakespeare seems to have slept in all the cottages around here.

Cottager—Ah, zur—there weren't a more sociable young chap in the neighborhood.—Humorist.

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Editorial

CURBING THE GRAFTERS

President Hoover has signed the bill which provides a federal system of licensing dealers in perishable products.

The effect of this law will be to give the government the power to regulate the business practices of commission houses and others doing an interstate business.

This may prove to be of as great benefit to the farmers of the United States as any other measure intended for farm relief. Every grower of commodities shipped to distant markets has had, at one time or another, experience with dishonest commission houses, at the terminal markets. Practices which are notoriously corrupt have been common. The individual shipper is at a great disadvantage when, instead of getting a check for his produce he gets a bill for freight and expenses with the calm explanation that the produce has been spoiled in transit, or sold on a glutted market, or that some other cause has prevented its sale at a price sufficient to cover the costs.

There are honest commission houses, of course. Probably the great majority of dealers in produce, live-stock, poultry and dairy products do business as business is done anywhere. Their risks are large, and they are entitled to profits proportioned to their risk. But there have been enough instances uncovered of deception and fraud on the part of commission houses to make such legislation as this necessary for the protection not only of the shippers but of the honest men in the produce business.

The federal government seems to be the only authority which has a chance of cleaning up this situation. State and local authorities are not inclined to press the claims of farmers and shippers who pay taxes several hundred or a thousand miles away, against their own citizens and taxpayers. The federal government alone can exercise authority over interstate commerce.

It is to be hoped that the machinery for the enforcement of this new law will be set up speedily and that it will operate efficiently enough to give the grower and shipper the assurance that, whatever other causes may operate to keep him from getting the best price for his products, he will at least not be cheated by the agent to whom he has consigned them.

WHO ARE THE "RUBES"

It is about time the city people and the city newspapers quit referring to the American farmer as a "Rube" and caricaturing him as a low-brow European peasant, only slightly Americanized by a set of chin-whiskers a la Uncle Sam.

The trouble with city folk, especially in New York and elsewhere in the east, is that they get their impressions of the farmer, and of everything else, from European sources. Because the mass of people tilling the soil in Europe are uneducated, unintelligent peasants, tenants for the most part and tied to the soil as no American has ever been tied, the city-bred, Europe-conscious people who have never penetrated any farther into America than the shores of the Atlantic ocean think American farmers must be the same type.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. No individual or class of our people has been more prompt to apply new methods of science, new inventions, new ways of doing old things, than the American farmer. The implication when he is referred to as a "Rube" is that he is a stupid, unprogressive person, content to do everything as his father and grandfather did before him. As a matter of fact, practically nothing is done on American farms today the way it was a generation ago.

One of the things that has brought about the change has been the development of the numerous colleges of agriculture. Nothing like them is known in any other part of the world. Old-time farmers used to sneer at the idea that college could do a farmer any good; but the progressive farmers of today are practically all college graduates, and the leadership in every movement for the betterment of farm conditions comes from these schools.

Our national and state departments of agriculture have enlisted in their service—the service of the American farmer—more men of high scientific attainment, engaged in vital research into the manifold problems which the farmer must solve if he is to succeed, than are engaged in any other field of scientific inquiry. Our agricultural experiment stations have taught the "man with the hoe" not only new and better ways of doing things but the reason why they are

better ways.

Instead of the inefficient, dull peasant, the type which stands for "farmer" in the city folks' minds, the American farmer has been too progressive, too efficient, if such a thing were possible. By improved and scientific methods he has increased production more rapidly than the demand has grown for his products.

The ultimate result of that will be, of course, that a smaller number of farmers will supply the nation's needs. And the ones who will remain and prosper on the farms will be the ones best fitted by education and intelligence to do the job. And they will be even less like "Rubes" than the farmers of today.



Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—All his life long man keeps on hoping someday to get a haircut that will improve his looks instead of making him look nude.

Heard in Si enhall's barber shop:
"Do you want a hair cut?"
"No, I want them all cut."
"Any particular way?"
"Yes, off."

THE HEIGHT OF SOMETHING OR OTHER IS A CITY COUNCIL TRYING TO CLOSE A BURLESQUE SHOW



Maud Muffins sez, "There isn't anybody on earth so sophisticated as a girl smoking her first cigarette thinks she is."

OUR SUGGESTION

Germany says she welcomes any suggestion relative to the payment of her war debt to the United States. We suggest that she pay it.

FABLE FOR TODAY

Once upon a time a woman attended an auction sale and didn't buy a single thing that she didn't need.

POLAR EXPLORER: "BOYS, ALTHOUGH WE HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT WE CAME FOR, WE SHALL KEEP ON UNTIL THE END"

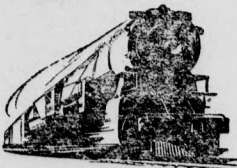
DON'T FORGET GOODYEARS—THERE IS NO END OF SATISFIED USERS TO SUBSTANTIATE THE CLAIM THAT "MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEARS THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND."

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111
Campbell, California

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Larson and family of Tracy were visitors at the W. R. Coupland home on Hamilton avenue last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parso were business visitors at Half Moon Bay last week.

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NEW YORK . . . 78.00

And many others.

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Local Happenings

Prof. Jan Kalas went to Los Angeles Sunday to spend the week as a delegate from Santa Clara county to the state convention of musicians.

J. C. Birnbaum, whose car was last week destroyed by fire, is to be seen driving a new Durant coupe of the latest model.

Mrs. Mary Palmer has recovered from her recent illness and is at her home on North Central avenue. During her illness she was taken care of at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. R. Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Stubbe and family spent the Fourth in Big Basin.

Mrs. Hattie Dunham and daughter, Mrs. Don McQueen, and children, are taking a month's vacation at Camp Fisher near Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Finley and family of Berkeley were visiting last week with Mr. Finley's father, Newton Finley.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Hurlburt of Pacific Grove were visitors at the J. D. Blaine home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bachman and family spent the Fourth at Big Basin. Mrs. Bachman remained at the Camp Fire Girls camp as dietician.

Miss Mary Fablinger and her niece and nephew, Bessie and Jas. Burke of Turlock, returned Thursday from Twin Lakes where they had been vacationing.

STEAFFER'S SCRIP — SMITH'S

Mr. and Mrs. Cortland Watson of Tucson, Ariz., are visiting with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cutting left Thursday for an extended visit with their son, Douglas Cutting, and family, at Pacific Grove.

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All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

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An extension telephone will save many steps. It

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SHADLE'S DRUG STORE

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

TENTH INSTALLMENT

Her own life, Eve was beginning to think, would mean acceptance and reconstruction. Marcel and Leon seemed broken reeds, and her present condition might go on indefinitely. If it did, she would at least continue temporarily in this new environment. She was helping Ivy, whom she had persuaded to see a specialist and follow his treatment. Miss Morris had hinted that she would like to learn some French, and had added Frankly: "Some English, too, teacher. Do not think I ain't wise to the way I spill words."

Even Stella was more human with Eve than with others, and on one occasion had sought the novice's apartment to make a tearful confidence of a sort not often given. Eve gathered that Stella had so far forgotten her prejudice against men to fall in love with one of the regulars at Jake's, and to throw herself violently at the head of the unappreciative young man. When he failed to respond she sent him notes.

When he ceased to come to Jake's, obviously to avoid her, she called at his rooms late one afternoon and waited there till he came home.

At this point in the account she gave Eve, Stella's sobs grew so loud that Eve feared they might

sleeping in the daytime, and not having to face black nights. Yet, admitting all these things, her panic returned in some degree every time she met strangers.

Tonight she told herself she had been mad to come. Deep within her an alarm was sounding, softly but persistently. It grew louder as she approached the man at the corner table. He had risen, and stood watching her with an air of tense expectancy. He took a quick step forward when she reached the table, and then under her conventional smile stopped short with a look of incredulous stupefaction.

He was a big man, six feet tall, smooth-faced, of dark complexion, middle-aged and inclined to stoutness. He had a large head covered with thick gray hair, brushed straight back from a good forehead. His gray eyes just now fixed unswervingly on hers, were partly concealed by the thick lenses of the horn-rimmed spectacles he wore. They had the peering look of the near-sighted, and this constant effort to see clearly had lined his forehead and tufted his thick gray eyebrows.

"I wish I knew what this meant," he said at last. "Perhaps you'll tell me. But take your time."

Se made two efforts before she could speak. He was someone she proved that he was also someone

came here."

Eve stood up quickly. She must end this nightmare.

"I must go to the dressing room and get my wrap," she said.

Queenie was in the dressing room. Eve caught her arm.

"Is there any back way out of this place?" she asked desperately. Her expression forbade questions and Miss Morris rallied to the obvious crisis of the moment.

"Sure there is!" she remembered. "The boys' dressing room has a window on the back alley."

She hurried Eve across the room and with an emphatic push helped her through the window that opened on the alley.

It was all quite simple now. Three taxicabs stood in a waiting line just around the corner, in front of the side door, and with a crisp command she entered the first.

"Sixth avenue and Fortieth street. Quick, please," she directed; and the chauffeur, who seemed used to such instructions, started with a suddenness that made her bite her tongue.

She paid him and left the cab at the point she had indicated, and when the cab was out of sight she took another that was passing, and ordered herself driven downtown. The Garland was her only refuge, she decided. She dared not return to the apartment to which she could so easily be traced, and no other hotel she knew of would take her in at that hour of the night without luggage and in evening clothes.

During the swift journey, she planned her story for the hotel clerk. If Jenkins, the night man, was on duty, she was sure he would take her in. She left the cab a block from the Garland and walked the remaining distance; and her panic lifted a trifle when she entered the lobby and saw the plump face of Jenkins confronting her across the night desk.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she began with a desperate effort to speak naturally, "perhaps you remember me—"

"Miss Parsons? Of course. How do you do? I can give you the same rooms you had before, if you like," he hospitably added. "They're vacant."

"Thank you, yes; I'd like that very much."

Eve took her key, gave him a forced smile, and went on to the elevator, breathing more naturally.

A warm bath partly soothed her, the familiar bed was comfortable, and the quiet neighborhood was free from the car-clanging that had disturbed her at the apartment. With a mighty effort of will she tried to draw mental shutters between memory and the episode of the night, but the gray-haired stranger pushed back those shutters with compelling hands. The room seemed full of him. The very world seemed full of him, and of some horror connected with him.

The horror was worse than the man himself, because it was intangible. Like those trailing ends she was always striving to catch, it lay beyond her reach, just back of him. . . . In some way he was connected with it all. . . . he was in the very heart of it. At moments she was just within grasp of what it was. . . . something lifted, lightened, and suddenly darkened again even as she was holding her breath in dawning understanding. She was convinced that she had fled to avoid him and that to return to her normal self would be to return to him—to him. . . .

The sun rose, bringing with it, first, endurance, then reviving courage. She was awakened by a tinkle, sharply imperative. The telephone was in her sitting room and she rose to answer it. At the first words that came over the wire her heart caught, then leaped, and reviving courage lifted like a wave. "Miss Parsons?" It was Hamilton's warm and friendly voice, holding the thrill of controlled excitement. "Robinson has just told me that you're back," he continued, "and it seems too good to be true. I don't want to be a nuisance, of course—"

"Oh, I shall be glad to see you!" Eve gasped. "You can't imagine how glad I'll be. 'But—' with an effort she controlled her shaking voice—"I shan't be around to it for a couple of hours. I'm just awake. Will 11 o'clock be convenient for you?"

The last of her panic had slunk

Mr. and Mrs. Howes Entertain At Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Battee were the guests of honor at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Howes at their home last week. The party was in celebration of the Battee's 20th wedding anniversary.

Places were laid for the guests at one long table, which was beautifully decorated in yellow and green. A gift was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Battee by all the guests. After dinner cards were enjoyed until a late hour.

Josephine LaBarbera is taking a week's motor trip with friends in southern California.

Miss Grace Coupland is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Darrell Papst and family at Weed.

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draw Miss Davenport from the next apartment. She mentioned this danger to the raconteuse, who stifled the expression of her grief. It was no part of Stella's plan to make Ivy a confidante. But her plain face was tear-streaked as she went on, and Eve experienced a deep sympathy not only for her but for the regular who had been subjected to this sort of scene. There may be girls who are beautiful when they weep. Poor Stella was not among them.

"I let him see why I was there," Stella gulped, "and he was that polite he broke my heart. I'd taken off my coat and hat before he came in, for of course I thought he'd keep me to dinner anyway. Don't they always, in stories and pictures? But he didn't. He got my hat and coat and he put them on gentle and kind, like he was dressing a kid, with soothing noises, and he told me I was too nice a girl to put myself in compromising situations. Wasn't that the elephant's knuckles! And he got me to the door and outside of it, and the first I knew he had the elevator up and was putting me in it and saying goodbye. Oh, Berson, it was awful! For of course I caught on then, right off. I seen I was a woman scorned."

The phrase seemed to please Stella, for she tried it again on a higher key.

"A woman scorned," she repeated. "Berson, I give you my word, I cried all the way home. Now, what d'you think I ought to do? Give him up?"

"Yes, Stella," Eve said, with a straight face and a comforting pat on the girl's shaking shoulders. "If I were you I'd give him up."

She had believed that, with the possible exception of Queenie, Stella had the keenest sense of humor of any one at Jake's. Now she realized anew that one's sense of humor often perishes under the first assault of one's emotional nature.

"Well, if you say so, I will," Stella agreed with a pathetic sniffle; and she drifted away, greatly relieved by an outburst to which she never again referred.

Yes, one could do a little for these girls, Eve reflected, as she depressedly walked at Hunt's side. She was earning money, too, and saving most of it, and beginning her readjustment and doing her

had known, but her inner panic she had reason to fear. She did not know him now, and she would let him see that she did not. It seemed the safest course.

"I'm always rather nervous with strangers," she admitted, and then asked breathlessly, "Would you care to dance?"

He laughed at that, on a sudden harsh note; and again he took his time to speak, his eyes on the cigar as if he were thinking deeply. "Strangers!" he repeated. "Strangers!"

"I think," she suggested, "you are mistaking me for some one you imagine you know."

He straightened as if she had struck him.

"My God! are you telling me I don't know you?" he cried.

"I think you're misled by a strong likeness. There are some amazing resemblances, you know."

Jake passed the table as she spoke, glanced at the pair, and hesitated. Eve did not see him, but the stranger did.

"Jake says you're working for him," he brought out with difficulty. "He tells me you're substituting for another girl. That's about the limit, but we won't go in to it now. However, I know the rules of the cabaret game. I must not take the time of his people for nothing. So here's a sop to him."

With extreme deliberation he took a roll of bills from his pocket, pulled off a ten-spot and tossed it on the table before her. In her increasing panic she hardly observed the action.

The stranger saw that Jake had passed on, and his manner changed as abruptly as if some nerve in him, tense till now, had suddenly snapped.

"Well, young lady," he rasped, "it's time to drop this chicanery of yours and come to an understanding."

Eve stared at the man in a frozen silence.

"I don't understand," she faltered, after a brief briel of eyes between them.

He smiled wryly. "I'm afraid neither of us is meeting this very well," he said wearily. "I'll admit it's too much for me. But we'll understand each other all right when we've had our talk. Go and put on your coat and we'll get out. This is no place for you, and God alone knows why you



1—View of the commencement exercises at West Point while Secretary of War Hurley was presenting commissions to the 241 members of the graduating class. 2—Parade of the last French troops of the Army of Occupation through the streets of Trier before their return to France. 3—Col. Sir Henry Cole of England arriving at New York on his way to take charge of European exhibits for the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Dwight Morrow's Victory in New Jersey and What It May Mean.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

NEW JERSEY'S Republican primary was the most interesting event of the week, and its repercussions will continue to be felt for many months. Dwight W. Morrow's victory in the contest for the senatorial nomination was more than decisive—it was overwhelming. The ambassador to Mexico had a plurality over Franklin Fort and Joseph S. Freylinghuysen of approximately 300,000. There was a fourth candidate for the short and long terms, as was Mr. Morrow—John A. Kelley—but his vote was negligible.

Morrow's tremendous showing naturally stirred up immediate speculation as to whether he would be Mr. Hoover's rival for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1932, which had been more than suggested several weeks previously by Governor Stokes of New Jersey and President Hibben of Princeton. Some political observers thought this would be forced on him, while others were certain that he would support Hoover at that time and wait four years longer for his chance at the greater honor. Immediately after the result of the primary was known, President Hoover caused this official announcement to be issued: "The White House will give every possible support to the Republican nominee for the senate from New Jersey. The President and the administration have every confidence that Mr. Dwight Morrow will be the next senator from New Jersey."

Some Republican leaders interpreted the President's move as a cordial gesture intended to cause Mr. Morrow to feel so friendly to Mr. Hoover that he will discourage the activity of admirers wooing him for the Presidency. Senator Blaine of Wisconsin, however, voicing the views of the wet leaders, said "it indicates a cautious step in the direction of a liberal attitude on the Eighteenth amendment."

MORROW made his campaign as an advocate of repeal of the Eighteenth amendment and the return of liquor control to the individual states. Fort, who was so badly beaten, ran as a pronounced dry. But the wets, in their rejoicing, should take into consideration the fact that New Jersey is admittedly a warring wet state, and that Morrow probably would have been victorious even if he had not said a word on the liquor question. The Anti-Saloon league said the nomination of a wet in New Jersey was no more significant than the nomination in Maine. "The phenomenal interest in the nomination of one wet to replace another," said the league, "is probably on the theory that Mr. Morrow may become the national wet leader to restore the liquor traffic. If so, it is a vain wet hope, because Mr. Morrow has no plans to solve the liquor problem."

In this connection it is interesting to read that Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York will run for re-election on a wet platform and that the Democratic party's state liquor plank will be much stronger than a mere declaration for light wines and beer.

Democrats of New Jersey nominated State Senator Alexander C. Simpson as Mr. Morrow's opponent and feel that he has some chances of success. In Minnesota the senatorial fight among the Republicans was rather warm, but Thomas L. Schall, the blind senator, easily defeated Gov. Theodore Christianson and John T. Selb. Einar Holdeide was the unopposed Democratic nominee.

Maine Republicans nominated Congressman Wallace H. White, Jr., for senator, giving him about 9,000 more votes than former Gov. Ralph M. Brewster received. Prohibition was not an important factor in either of these primaries.

PRESIDENT HOOVER signed the tariff bill on Tuesday, and the new duties went into effect at mid-

night. No pictures were made of the Chief Executive affixing his name to the act, and no cheers were heard anywhere over this culmination of many months of work by congress. The plain truth is that the tariff measure does not please anyone in or out of congress, and it is especially obnoxious to nearly all foreign nations. Maybe it was the best compromise that could be fixed up, and if there is a rebirth of prosperity in the United States during the next two years the Republican party may not suffer from the act. Of course the Democrats and the radical Republicans who opposed the measure feel otherwise.

Senator Borah started out immediately to force the President to make use of the flexible tariff provision which Mr. Hoover had introduced. He introduced a resolution, which was adopted by the senate, directing the tariff commission to investigate differences in cost of production and to report at the earliest practicable date on shoes, furniture, cement and a number of agricultural implements. To this list Senator Hiram Bligh (Conn.) by an amendment added bells, wire fence, and wire netting.

Protests of foreign nations against the new tariff continued to pour into Washington, coming last week from Germans, Czechs, Spaniards and Cubans. The French are very indignant over the American duties, but Ambassador Edge is sending a soothing communique stating that they would have no serious effect upon French exports to the United States.

COINCIDENT with the signing of the new tariff bill came a tremendous slump in prices on the stock exchanges and serious declines in the prices of grains, cotton and live stock. With slight recoveries the slump continued for several days. Whether this was a genuine result of the new tariff rates or due to manipulation was a question, but generally the victims were assured by their brokers that the tariff was to blame. Congressman Wood of Indiana, chairman of the house appropriations committee, said the selling movement was staged by moneyed interests and importers who wished to make a political play against the tariff. He said he was making an investigation and expected to be able to prove what interests and what individuals promoted the downward manipulation.

ANY doubt that the senate foreign relations committee would report favorably on the London naval treaty was removed when that body, by a vote of 4 to 14, defeated Senator Hiram Johnson's motion that the committee withhold disposition of the treaty until the President should submit all the correspondence and other documents pertaining to the negotiations which the committee had requested and the President had refused to furnish. Johnson, Moses Shipstead and Robinson of Indiana voted for the motion. Chairman Borah said he would report the treaty with the simple recommendation that it be ratified, without giving reasons therefor. It was understood that Reed and Robinson of Arkansas, who were delegates to the London conference, would submit another report telling why the pact should be ratified. Senator Johnson made use of a nation-wide radio hookup to present to the country his reasons for opposing the treaty.

REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. Byrd came home last week to receive the plaudits of his fellow countrymen for his achievements in Antarctic exploration. The bark City of New York brought him to the metropolis where the Eleanor Bolling, the other ship of his expedition, was waiting at quarantine, and the two vessels were escorted up the bay by innumerable craft and many airplanes. The welcome to New York was characteristic of that city—Grover Whalen and the mayor's committee, a marine pageant, a procession up Broadway with soldiers, sailors and marines, an address by Mayor Walker at the city hall and a presentation of medals. And all of it nearly smothered in ticker tape. With Admiral Byrd rode his wife, who had gone out in a tug to meet him. After the official doings Chancellor Brown of New York university conferred an honorary degree on the explorer. Next day Admiral Byrd journeyed to Washington to be the cen-

ter of even more imposing ceremonies. President Hoover received the entire party at the White House, and then the trustees of the National Geographic society gave a luncheon. After an official call on the secretary of the navy there were ceremonies at Arlington National cemetery where Byrd placed wreaths on the graves of Admiral Peary, Admiral Wilkes and Floyd Bennett. In the evening at the Washington auditorium President Hoover pinned on Byrd's breast the gold medal of the National Geographic society. In all these events the admiral was accompanied by the members of his Antarctic expedition and they were acclaimed almost as loudly as was their chief.

Entertainments and receptions for Byrd and his companions in various cities will be virtually continuous until July 15.

FREDERIC M. SACKETT, American ambassador to Berlin, created something of a sensation in his own country by an address before the world power conference in which he attacked American power companies for their high charges to the consumer. He said: "I know of no cities manufacturing industry where the sale price of the product to the great mass of consumers is fifteen times the actual cost of production." Samuel Insull of Chicago, the utilities magnate, was in Berlin and having seen an advance copy of Mr. Sackett's speech, made objection to part of it. This the ambassador disregarded entirely.

The incident was meat for Senator Norris of Nebraska, the ever alert critic of utility corporations, and he made a speech in the senate scoring Mr. Insull severely.

CHAIRMAN Alexander Legge and Charles C. Teague of the federal farm board, reappointed by the President, were confirmed by the senate without opposition. Samuel R. McKelvie, wheat member of the board, is expected to resign on or about July 1, although his term runs for another year. It was said to have been understood at the time of his appointment that he might choose to retire at the end of his first year.

OUTSTANDING among the deaths of the week is that of Dr. Elmer Ambrose Sperry of New York, inventor of the gyroscope and world-famed scientist. Although responsible for the development and perfection of many inventions, Doctor Sperry was best known for his gyroscope compass and the application of the gyroscope for the stabilization of steamships and airplanes. This device was perfected after many years of experiment.

CHINA'S internecine war is running true to form. According to the dispatches from the Orient, the Nationalists are winning one day and the northern alliance of rebels the next. Anyhow, they are doing a lot of fighting, and the casualties are heavy. The rebels have seized the customs house at Tientsin and have appointed as customs commissioner Lennox Simpson, an English writer better known by his pen name of "Putnam Weale." The government at Nanking was trying to divert imports from Tientsin to ports under its control.

WITH Jullu Maniu again the premier, the government of Rumania under King Carol seems to be solidly established. Maniu now says he and the regency knew in advance that Carol was to return and gave consent, and indeed he claims that the coup was engineered by him. The young king is planning his coronation in October, and has sent invitations to all the crowned heads and presidents of Rumania's World war allies to attend the event.

WILLIAM S. BROCK and Edward F. Schlee, two of America's best known aviators, established a new cross-continent non-stop record last week by flying from Jacksonville, Fla., to San Diego, Calif., in 13 hours, 55 minutes and 30 seconds. They started the return trip almost immediately and landed at Jacksonville with an elapsed time for the round trip of 31 hours and 58 minutes. This latter record was clouded by the fact that on the eastward flight they had to stop at Tallulah, La., for fuel.

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Opening the "Door of Unity" in Plymouth, England



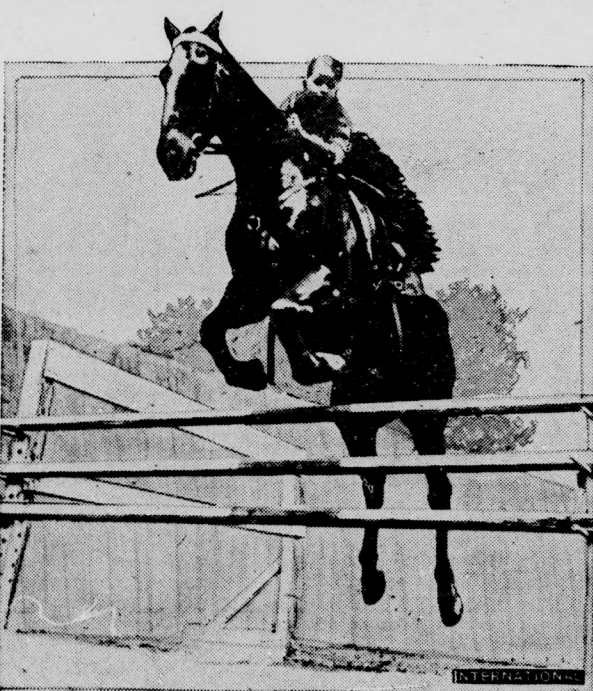
Albert Halstead, American consul general at Plymouth, England, opening the "door of unity" leading to the Pryston house of St. Andrew's church. The service is unique in the history of the church because of its international character. Coincident with the opening of the door, the unveiling of the memorial to two American naval officers who were buried on the spot in 1813 took place.

In the Path of a Midwest Tornado



Tragic ruins which lie in the trail of destruction left by the series of giant twisters which tore through the east central portion of Minnesota and the west central portion of Wisconsin. Five persons were killed, 60 injured, thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed. The photograph was made at Randolph, Minn., one of the towns hardest hit.

They Start 'Em Young in the Army



Daniel Deitrick, six-year-old son of Col. Leonard L. Deitrick, Q. M. C., taking a hurdle at the presidio of San Francisco. The young man is quite a horseman, his tender years notwithstanding.

HEAD OF U. OF P.



Thomas S. Gates, a partner in the banking firms of Drexel and Co. and J. P. Morgan and Co., who has been chosen as president of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Gates will play a leading role in the reorganization of its corporate structure, allowing Dr. Josiah H. Penniman, provost of the university, to devote his entire time to academic phases of the administration.

WINS RADIO MEDAL



Alwyn E. W. Bach, whose diction has earned for him the N. B. C. has earned for him the 1930 medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

What the Hatfields Are Like Today



Many of the present generation remember the famous bloody feud of the Hatfield and McCoy families in West Virginia. This is a new and interesting photograph of the present Hatfield family. They all hold public office in the town of Williamson, W. Va., with the exception of the mother and the youngest son. They are, left to right: (seated) Mrs. Greenway Hatfield, Sr.; Mayor Wirt Hatfield; Sheriff Greenway Hatfield, Sr.; and Jailer Wayne Hatfield. Standing, left to right: Assistant Postmaster Shade Hatfield; Postmaster Willard Hatfield; and Greenway Hatfield, Jr., who is attending the University of Virginia.



HOW ARE YOU RATED?

"How's Jones rated?"

"PROMPT!" comes the unhesitating reply from the Credit Association.

The answer could have been one of four:

Prompt
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The Credit Association didn't MAKE this rating for Jones. They simply RECORDED the rating which JONES MADE FOR HIMSELF, and passed the information along to the business man.

By meeting his bills promptly by the 10th of every month, Jones had established himself as a safe credit risk, and had earned the BEST of CREDIT RATINGS!

And, inasmuch as over 80 per cent of all business is done on a credit basis, Jones had shown wise judgment in not neglecting the PROMPT payment of his accounts. He had SAFE-GUARDED HIS BUYING POWER, AND INCREASED HIS PRESTIGE!

There is no secret about HOW to pay your bills promptly, and keep your credit and self-respect. The answer is a budget! Figure possible expenses on a monthly basis and put someone in charge of the payment of accounts. Have them see that ALL of the past month's bills are paid NOT LATER than the 10th of the following month!

Carelessness in the payment of accounts does not necessarily mean intentional dishonesty. But it is difficult for the business man to make the distinction. It's better NOT to be careless; it MIGHT be misunderstood.

Remember:—The greatest percentage of credit losses come not from INTENTIONAL DISHONESTY, but from carelessness and negligence.

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"In Business for YOUR Health"
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Physician and Surgeon
Office hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office and Residence, Phone
Campbell 122

DR. F. R. ANDERSON
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 166
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Chris Anderson, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Fred Getchell, Noble Grand,
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secy.
Patrol Branch I. O. O. F.
Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.
H. A. Pratt,
Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper,
Scribe.

KIWANIS NOTES By Heck

Judge Percy O'Connor of San Jose, as speaker at Kiwanis luncheon today gave a very interesting talk on the origin of our flag and touched on a few high spots of the meaning of this beautiful emblem in this and other lands.

Hal Morton acted as chairman and Ed Wiesendanger will be chairman and speaker next Tuesday, telling of his recent trip to romantic isles of the Pacific.

George R. Stray of Duocor spent the holiday week-end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stray.

The A. N. Lantz family are enjoying their annual vacation at their Capitola cottage.

STEAFER'S SCRIP — SMITH'S



INCUMBENT

JOS. MCKINNON

Candidate

For Supervisor
Fourth District

Prim. Election, Aug. 26

WAN-TADS

For Rent—Modern 3 rm. and bath cottage on Campbell avenue. See Haliwell & Jones. 1tchg

Furnished house for rent. See O. A. Patnam.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Amos O. Williams, administrator of the estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said administrator at Room 815 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, that being the place designated by the said Administrator for the transaction of the business of said estate.

San Jose, Cal., this 7th day of July, A. D., 1930.

Amos O. Williams,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Nathan E. Hobson, also known as N. E. Hobson, also known as Nathan Hobson, Deceased.

Frank H. Benson, Atty. (44-5-6-7)

CUTTERS' CARDS AT SMITH'S

Wastahi, Camp Fire Girls Camp, Opened Sunday, July 6, For The Summer Session

The opening of Camp Wastahi, summer camp of the Santa Clara county Camp Fire girls, was celebrated Sunday, July 6, with 75 girls in camp for the first two-week period. There will be four two-week periods ending Aug. 30. Mrs. Louis Shelley, county executive, is director of the whole camp. Handcraft, bird lore, swimming, nature study, music and dramatics all summer sports, etc., will be taught during these two months. Miss Ruth Townsend is to be one of the instructors in bird lore.

Parents may visit their daughters Sunday, Aug. 11 and Aug. 25. The motto for the year is, "Every camper a swimmer," putting to good use the new concrete swimming pool given to them by Senator James Pheland.

MORE LOCALS

The Walter Stanford family of Oakland visited Mrs. Stanford's sisters, Mrs. Mary Lanphear and Miss Sadie Maxson during the holidays.

Herb Shadle, local druggist, attended a meeting of the Nyals druggists at a dinner at the Ste. Claire hotel last night. Vice President of the company Hinton was present from Detroit, and he delivered a message of cheer and encouragement to independent retailers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gomez have for their visitors their daughter, Mrs. James Comiskey of New York, and her children.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Merrill spent the holiday at Santa Cruz. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McCaughey.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Cramer and sons returned Thursday from a vacation at Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Begley of Klamath Falls are spending a few days with Mrs. Begley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mitchell.

Miss Maude Shallies of Middletown, N. Y., arrived Wednesday evening for a visit with Miss Jessie Lewis.

Mrs. James Turner exhibited a few of her gift candles at the recent exhibition of the Stewart studios in the Palace hotel in San Francisco.

Mrs. Alice Morrow and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrow of San Francisco were guests last week of Mr.

A. D. Rice. Wednesday they all enjoyed a trip to Santa Cruz.

A lawn party was held at the B. O. Curry home recently in honor of Mrs. Leslie Johnson and daughter and Harold Alsford of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Yeager motored to Richmond Thursday to the state convention of rural mail carriers, returning Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Greenly and family of San Francisco spent a few days last week with Mrs. Greenly's mother, Mrs. A. Y. Hoag.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayno Eddlemon, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Al West of San Jose, spent the week-end on the headwaters of the Stanislaus river.

Thursday night, July 17, the new officers of the local I. O. O. F. will be installed by Arthur Lawry, district deputy grand master, and his staff.

L. Bracken and daughter of Oakland were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. George Barnes last week.

Dr. James Hohn, who for the past seven weeks has been in charge of Dr. F. R. Anderson's practice, left with his wife Tuesday for a motor trip into Oregon. They expect to go east soon.

CUTTERS' CARDS AT SMITH'S

WIFE, GAS, SCARE MAN IN DEAD OF NIGHT

"Overcome by stomach gas in the dead of night, I scared my husband badly. He got Adlerika and it ended the gas."—Mrs. M. Owen.
Adlerika relieves stomach gas in TEN minutes Acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing old poisonous waste you never knew was there. Don't fool with medicine which cleans only PART of bowels, but let Adlerika give stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and get rid of all gas! —Shadle's Drug Store.

Murdered Reporter



Alfred (Jake) Lingle, Chicago police reporter, slain by gunmen. Chicago newspapers have offered rewards totalling \$50,000 for the discovery of the murderer.

Your Support and
Vote are Requested
by

MAE E. FLANNERY

Candidate for
**COUNTY
RECORDER**

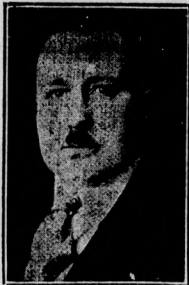
on her record for
Efficiency-Economy
Courtesy - Service

Primary Election, Aug. 26, '30

VOTE FOR
Hall S. Schrader
For
County Recorder

An Efficient Business Man
makes a good County Official

Primary, August 26, 1930



BE PREPARED FOR OPPORTUNITIES



Opportunities have a way of presenting themselves to those who are prepared. It is the sum of ready money at the right time that builds a home, starts a business, buys a partnership, lays the foundation of a fortune, or in one way or another puts one on the high road to independence.

Getting ahead is largely a matter of getting started saving. Many persons promise themselves to start saving, but wait until they determine how much they have left after spending. Here is a suggestion: instead of saving what is left after spending, plan to spend what is left after saving. The important thing is to begin today.

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Savings deposits made on or before July 10 will earn interest from July 1. Now is the time to transfer your funds to this bank without loss of interest.

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—All Weather Tread User

No tread has ever equaled the Goodyear All-Weather for quick, safe stops, for grip on curves and traction in mud. And its protection lasts—the rubber is the toughest and longest-wearing that can be used.

You pay no more, BUT YOU GET MORE in a Goodyear, because of economical huge-scale production, largest in the world.

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Lifetime Guaranteed

Tire prices right now are the lowest in history. Drive in and look them over today

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By Terry Gilkison

